

# DEAN'S NEW GIFT BOOK OF NURSERY RHYMES





**DEAN'S GIFT BOOKS**

*Uniform with this edition*

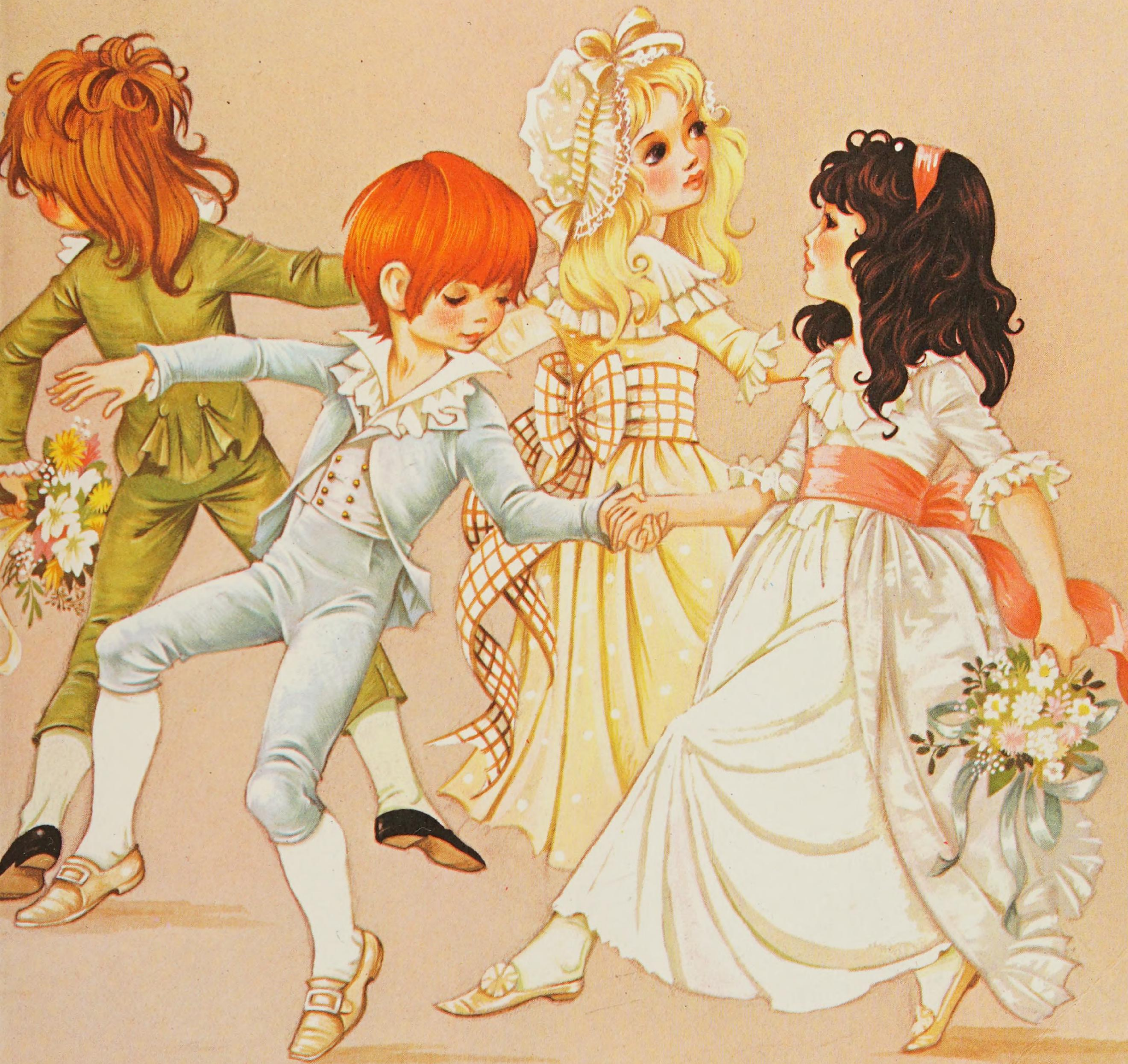
**DEAN'S GIFT BOOK OF  
NURSERY RHYMES**

**DEAN'S GIFT BOOK OF  
FAIRY TALES**




**DEAN & SON, LTD.  
LONDON**







A whimsical illustration of a woman with orange skin and red hair, wearing a purple dress with a large white bow and a green plaid skirt. She is sitting on a wooden stool, holding a plate of cherries in her left hand and eating one with her right hand. The background is a light blue wall with a green vine and leaves on the left and a cherry branch on the right. The text is written in a stylized font to the right of the woman.

ONE, two, three, four,  
Mary at the cottage  
door;  
Five, six, seven, eight,  
Eating cherries off a plate.





Dean's New Gift Book  
of  
**Nursery Rhymes**  
Illustrated by  
**Janet & Anne Grahame Johnstone**


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A colorful illustration of a young boy with a black cap and a blue patterned tunic, perched on a wooden fence. He is holding a bundle of yellow corn cobs in his right hand and reaching out with his left. He is chasing a flock of black crows that are flying across a pale, cloudy sky. The background shows a rolling green landscape with a small tree and a distant figure. In the foreground, there are some white daisies and tall grass.

O ALL you little  
blackey-tops,  
Pray don't eat my  
father's crops,  
While I lie down to  
take a nap.  
Shu-a-O! Shu-a-O!



LITTLE Jack Sprat  
Once had a pig;  
It was not very little,  
Nor yet very big.  
It was not very lean,  
It was not very fat—  
It's a good pig to grunt,  
Said little Jack Sprat.





THE Man in the moon came tumbling down,  
To ask his way to Norwich.  
He went by the south and burnt his mouth,  
By eating cold plum-porridge.











JENNY Wren fell sick  
Upon a merry time,  
In came Robin Redbreast  
And brought her sops and wine.

Eat well of the sop, Jenny,  
Drink well of the wine.  
Thank you, Robin, kindly,  
You shall be mine.





Jenny Wren got well,  
And stood upon her feet;  
And told Robin plainly,  
She loved him not a bit.

Robin he got angry,  
And hopped upon a twig,  
Saying, Out upon you,  
          fie upon you!  
Bold faced jig!



SING a song of sixpence,  
A pocket full of rye;  
Four-and-twenty blackbirds  
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened  
The birds began to sing;  
Was not that a dainty dish  
To set before the king?





The king was in his counting-house,  
Counting out his money;





The queen was in the parlour,  
Eating bread and honey.





The maid was in the garden  
Hanging out the clothes;  
Down came a blackbird,  
And pecked off her nose.





THE man in the wilderness asked of me,  
How many strawberries grew in the sea.  
I answered him,  
As I thought good,  
As many as red herrings  
Grew in the wood.







**P**AT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man!  
Make me a cake as fast as you can.  
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,  
And put it in the oven for Tommy and me.





JACK SPRATT could eat no fat,  
His wife could eat no lean,  
And so, between them both,  
They licked the platter clean.





THERE was an old woman who lived under a hill,  
And if she's not gone, she's living there still.



GO to bed first,  
A Golden Purse;





Go to bed second,  
A Golden Pheasant;

Go to bed third,  
A Golden Bird.





HERE am I, little Jumping Joan,  
When I'm by myself, I'm all alone.





PLEASE to remember  
The Fifth of November,  
Gunpowder treason and plot;  
I see no reason  
Why Gunpowder Treason  
Should ever be forgot.





DAME TROT and her cat  
Sat down to chat;  
The Dame sat on this side  
And puss sat on that.

“Puss,” says the Dame,  
“Can you catch a rat  
Or a mouse in the dark?”  
“Purr!” says the cat.





LITTLE Tommy Tucker  
Sings for his supper,  
What shall we give him?  
White bread and butter.  
How shall he cut it  
Without e're a knife?  
How shall he marry  
Without e're a wife?





“WHO goes there?”

“A Grenadier.”

“What do you want?”

“A pot of beer.”





MOLLY, my sister, and I fell out,  
And what do you think it was all about?  
She loved coffee and I loved tea,  
And that was the reason we could not agree.



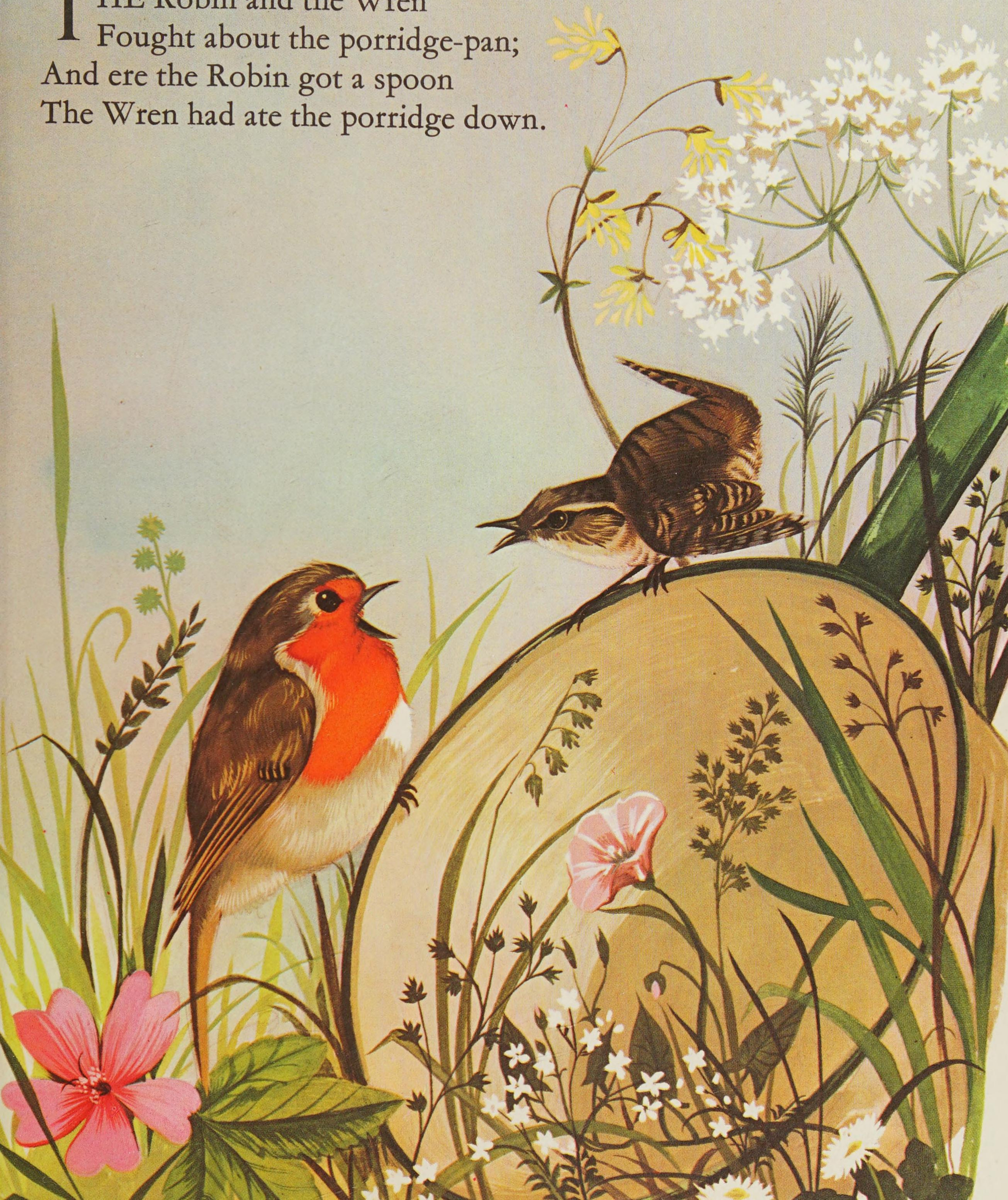


O, I am His Highness's dog  
from Kew,  
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog  
are you?





THE Robin and the Wren  
Fought about the porridge-pan;  
And ere the Robin got a spoon  
The Wren had ate the porridge down.





HERE'S sulky Sue!  
What shall we do?  
Put her in the corner, till  
she comes to.






I'LL sing you a song,  
Though not very long,  
Yet I think it as pretty as any.  
Put your hand in your purse,  
You'll never be worse,  
And give the poor singer a penny.









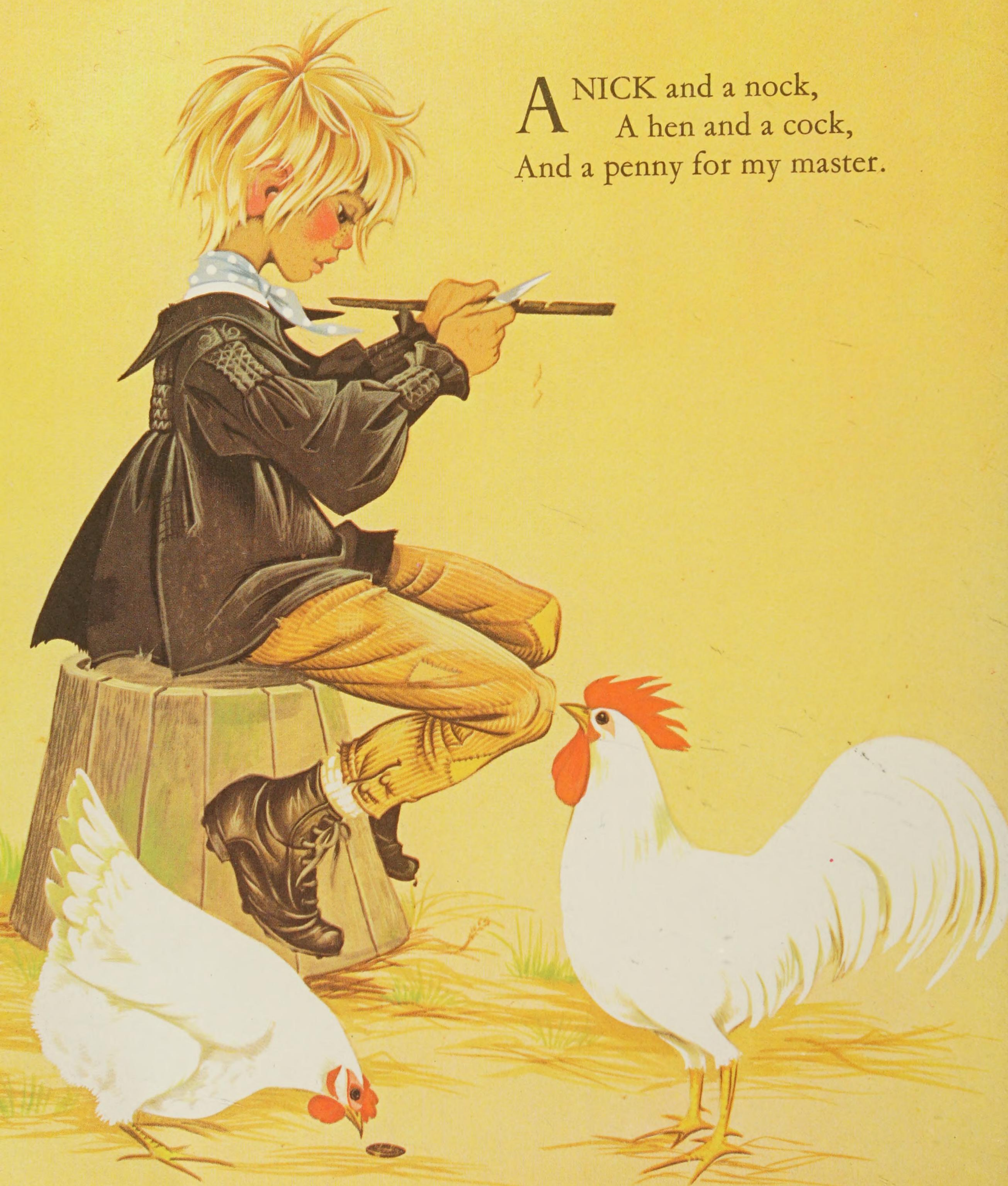
A vibrant illustration of a heavy rainstorm. The sky is a deep teal, filled with numerous white diagonal streaks representing rain. In the foreground, a large, gnarled tree trunk curves across the frame. Three fairies are depicted: one with long blonde hair and a light blue dress is perched on a branch, looking up at the rain; another with short blonde hair and a white dress is running on the ground to the left; and a third with short blonde hair and a yellow dress is running on the ground to the right. The background is filled with green foliage and more tree branches, all drenched in rain.

MILLIONS of massive raindrops  
Have fallen all around;  
They have danced on the house tops,  
They have hidden in the ground.

They were liquid-like musicians,  
With anything for keys,  
Beating tunes upon the windows,  
Keeping time upon the trees.

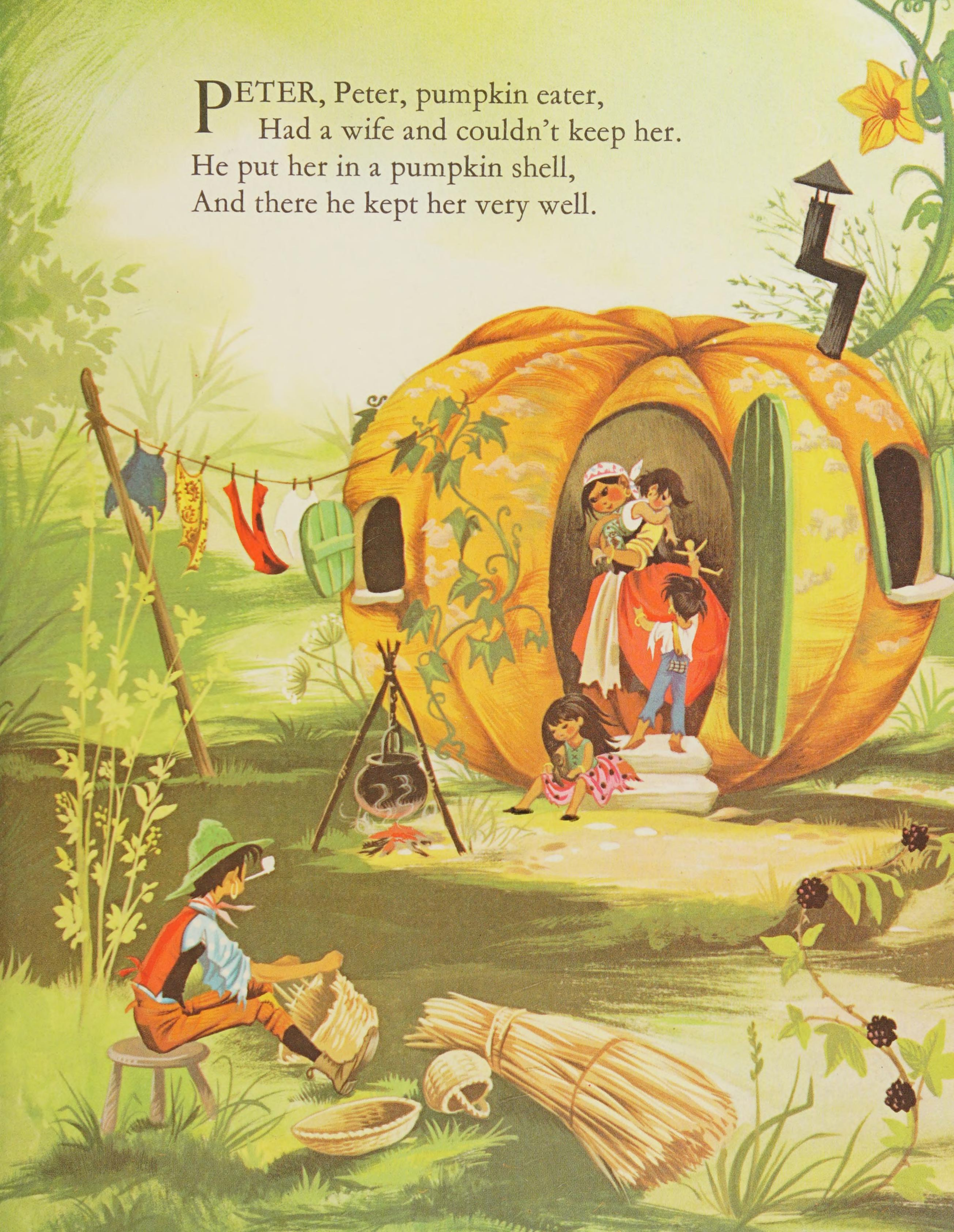


A NICK and a nock,  
A hen and a cock,  
And a penny for my master.





PETER, Peter, pumpkin eater,  
Had a wife and couldn't keep her.  
He put her in a pumpkin shell,  
And there he kept her very well.





TWO little dicky birds  
Sat upon a wall,

One called Peter  
One called Paul.



Fly away Peter,  
Fly away Paul;



Come back Peter,  
Come back Paul.





SEE-SAW, scaradown,  
Which is the way to London town?  
One foot up, and the other foot down,  
That is the way  
to London town.





COBBLER, cobbler, mend my shoe,  
Get it done by half-past two;  
Stitch it up, and stitch it down,  
And then I'll give you half a crown.





LUCY LOCKET lost her  
pocket,  
Kitty Fisher found it:  
Not a penny in her purse,  
But a ribbon round it.





THERE was a little boy and a little girl  
Lived in our alley;  
Says the little boy to the little girl,  
“Shall I, oh, shall I?”  
Says the little girl to the little boy,  
“What shall we do?”  
Says the little boy to the little girl,  
“I will kiss you!”





HOT cross buns,  
Hot cross buns,  
One a penny, two a penny,  
Hot cross buns;  
If your daughters don't like them,  
Give them to your sons.  
One a penny, two a penny,  
Hot cross buns.





ROCK-A-BYE baby, thy  
cradle is green,  
Father's a nobleman,  
mother's a Queen.  
Johnny's a drummer, and  
drums for the King  
And Betty's a lady, and  
wears a gold ring.











PUNCH and Judy  
Fought for a pie;  
Punch gave Judy  
A knock in the eye.

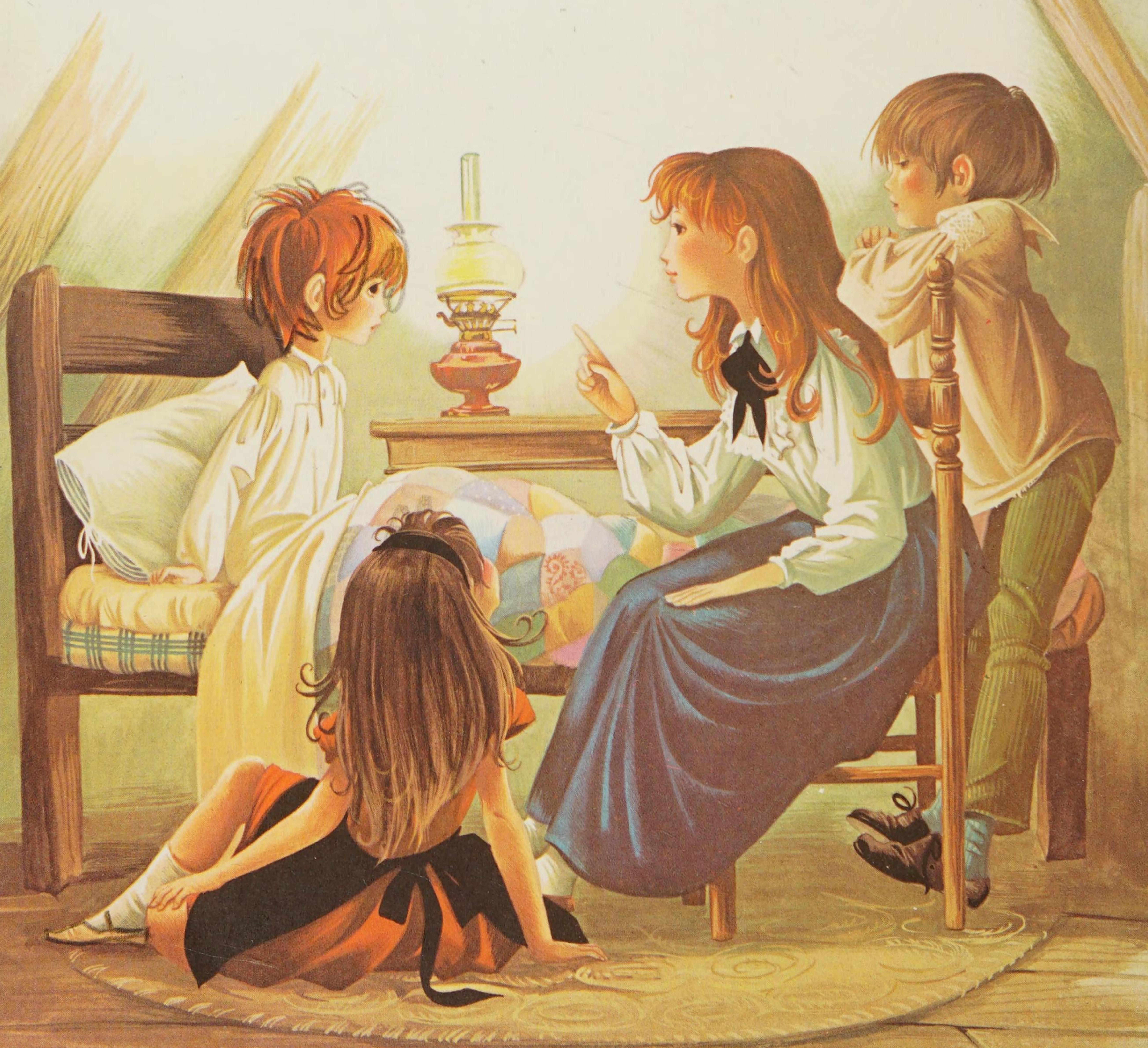




A WISE owl lived in an oak;  
The more he saw the less he  
spoke;  
The less he spoke the more he heard.  
Why can't we all be like that wise  
old bird?



I'LL tell you a story of Jack-a-Nory,  
And now my story's begun.  
I'll tell you another of Jack and his  
brother,  
And now my story's done.





WARM hands, warm the men are gone  
to plough.  
If you want to warm your hands, warm your  
hands now.





GIRLS and boys come out to play,  
The moon doth shine as bright as day.  
Come with a whoop and come with a call;  
Come with a good will or not at all.

Up the ladder and down the wall,  
A halfpenny roll will serve us all;  
You find milk and I'll find flour,  
And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.









“PRETTY maid, pretty maid,  
Where have you been?”

“Gathering a posie  
To give to the Queen.”

“Pretty maid, pretty maid,  
What gave she you?”

“She gave me a diamond  
As big as my shoe.”





PLEASE pudding hot, please pudding cold,  
Please pudding in the pot, nine days old.  
Some like it hot, some like it cold,  
Some like it in the pot, nine days old.





BABY shall have an apple,  
Baby shall have a plum,  
Baby shall have a rattle,  
When Daddy comes home.





A MAN of words and not  
of deeds  
Is like a garden full  
of weeds!





YOUNG lambs to sell,  
young lambs to sell,  
If I'd as much money as I  
could tell;  
I wouldn't be crying, "Young  
lambs to sell."







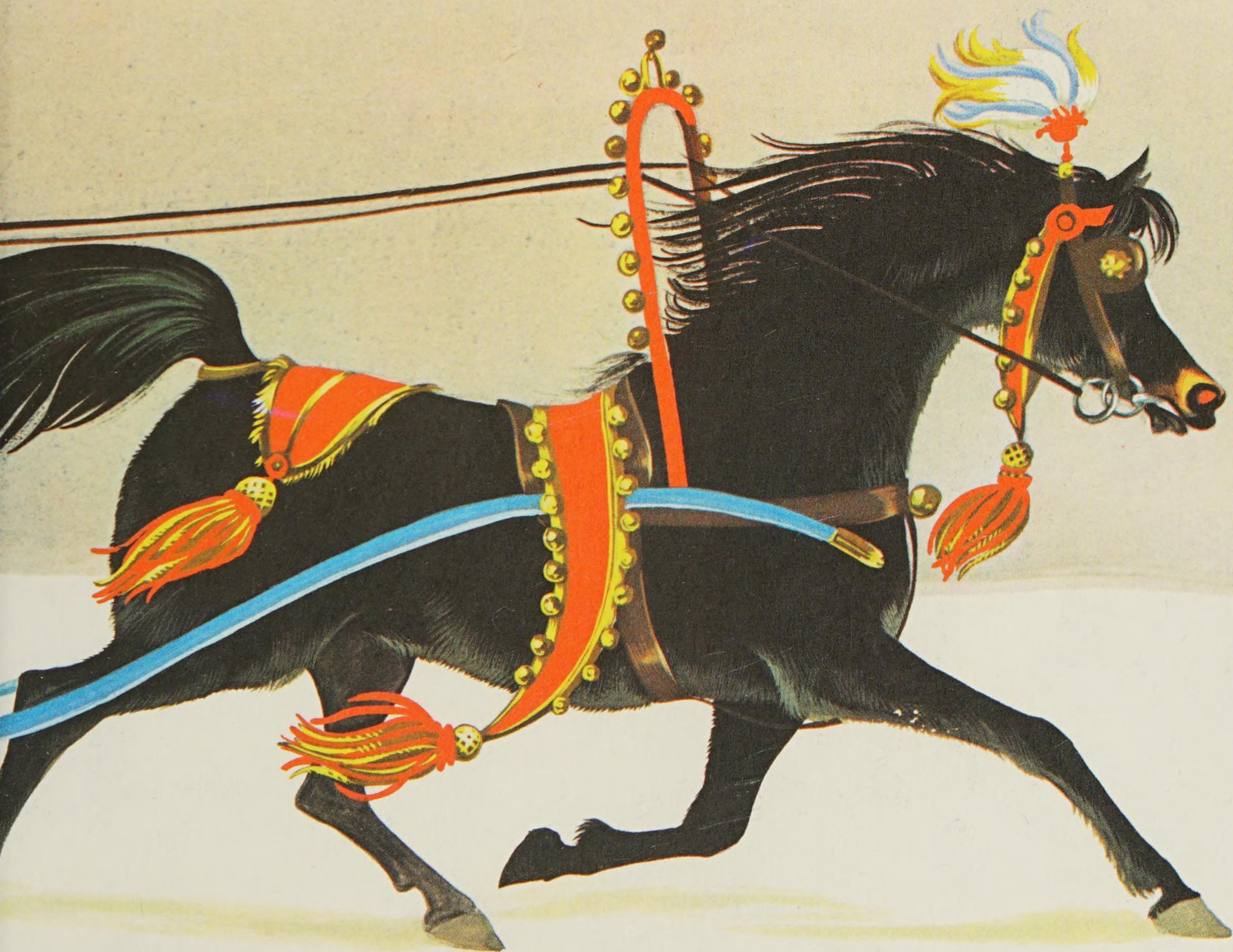
A PIE sat on a pear tree.  
A pie sat on a pear tree.  
Heigh O, heigh O, heigh O.  
Once so merrily hopped she.  
Twice so merrily hopped she,  
Thrice so merrily hopped she,  
Heigh O, heigh O, heigh O.







JINGLE bells, Jingle bells  
Jingle all the way.  
O what fun it is to ride  
In a one-horse open sleigh.





THERE was an old woman and what do  
you think?  
She lived on nothing but victuals and drink.  
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,  
Yet this plaguy old woman could never be quiet.





NOW we dance looby looby,  
Now we dance looby light;  
Now we dance looby, looby looby,  
Now we dance looby yester-night.

Shake your right hand a little,  
Shake your left hand a little,  
Shake your head a little,  
And turn you round about.





WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—  
Sailed on a river of crystal light,  
Into a sea of dew.

“Where are you going, and what do you wish?”

The old moon asked the three.

“We have come to fish for the  
herring fish

That live in this beautiful sea;  
Nets of silver and gold have we!”

Said Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.







The old moon laughed and sang a song,  
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,  
And the wind that sped them all night long  
Ruffled the waves of dew.

The little stars were the herring fish  
That lived in that beautiful sea—

“Now cast your nets wherever you wish—  
Never afeard are we;”

So cried the stars to the fishermen three:

Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.







All night long their nets they threw  
To the stars in the twinkling foam—  
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,  
Bringing the fishermen home;  
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed  
As if it could not be,  
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they  
dreamed  
Of sailing that beautiful sea—  
But I shall name you the fishermen three:  
Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.





Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,  
And Nod is a little head,  
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies  
Is a wee one's trundle bed.  
So shut your eyes while Mother sings  
Of wonderful sights that be,  
And you shall see the beautiful things  
As you rock in the misty sea,  
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:  
Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.





**D**RIBBLE, dribble, trickle, trickle,  
What a lot of sawdust.  
My dolly's had an accident,  
And lost a lot of sawdust.







I OFTEN sit and wish that I  
Could be a kite up in the sky,  
And ride upon the breeze, and go  
Whatever way it chanced to blow;  
Then I could look beyond the town,  
And see the river winding down,  
And follow all the ships that sail,  
Like me, before the merry gale,  
Until like them at last I came  
To some place with a foreign name.



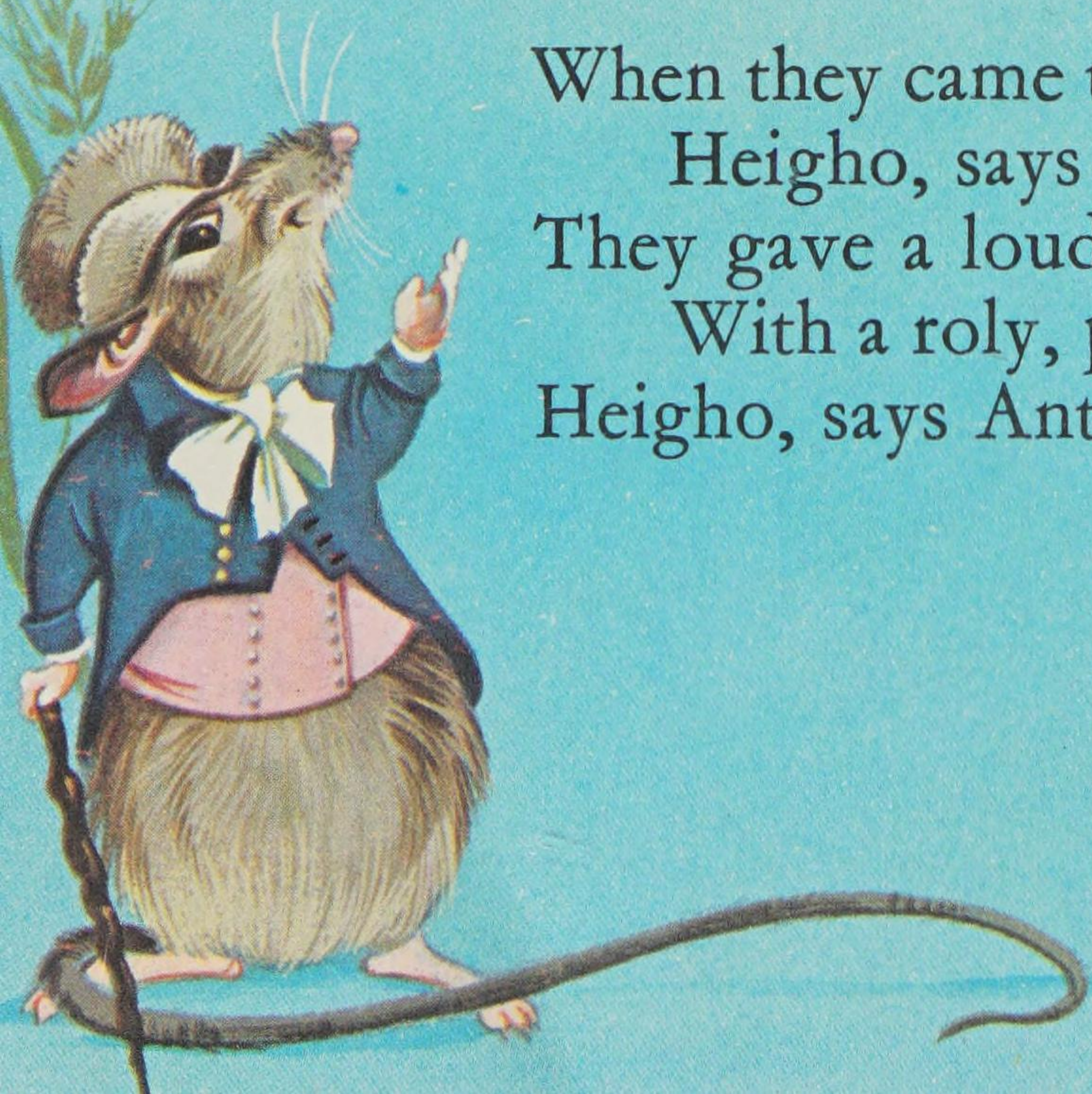


A FROG he would a-wooing go,  
Heigho, says Rowley;  
Whether his mother would let him or no:  
With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,  
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

So off he went with his opera hat,  
Heigho, says Rowley;  
And on the road he met with a rat,  
With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,  
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

“Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go with me,”  
Heigho, says Rowley;  
“Kind Mrs. Mousey for to see?”  
With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,  
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

When they came to the door at Mousey’s hall,  
Heigho, says Rowley;  
They gave a loud tap, and they gave a loud call,  
With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,  
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.







"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"  
Heigho, says Rowley;

"Yes, kind sirs, and sitting to spin,"

With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,  
Heigho says, Anthony Rowley.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, now give us some beer,"  
Heigho, says Rowley;

"For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer,"

With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,  
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

"Pray Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?"  
Heigho, says Rowley;

"But let it be something that's not very long,"

With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,  
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

"Indeed, Miss Mouse," replied Mr. Frog,  
Heigho, says Rowley;

"A cold has made me as hoarse as a hog,"

With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,  
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.



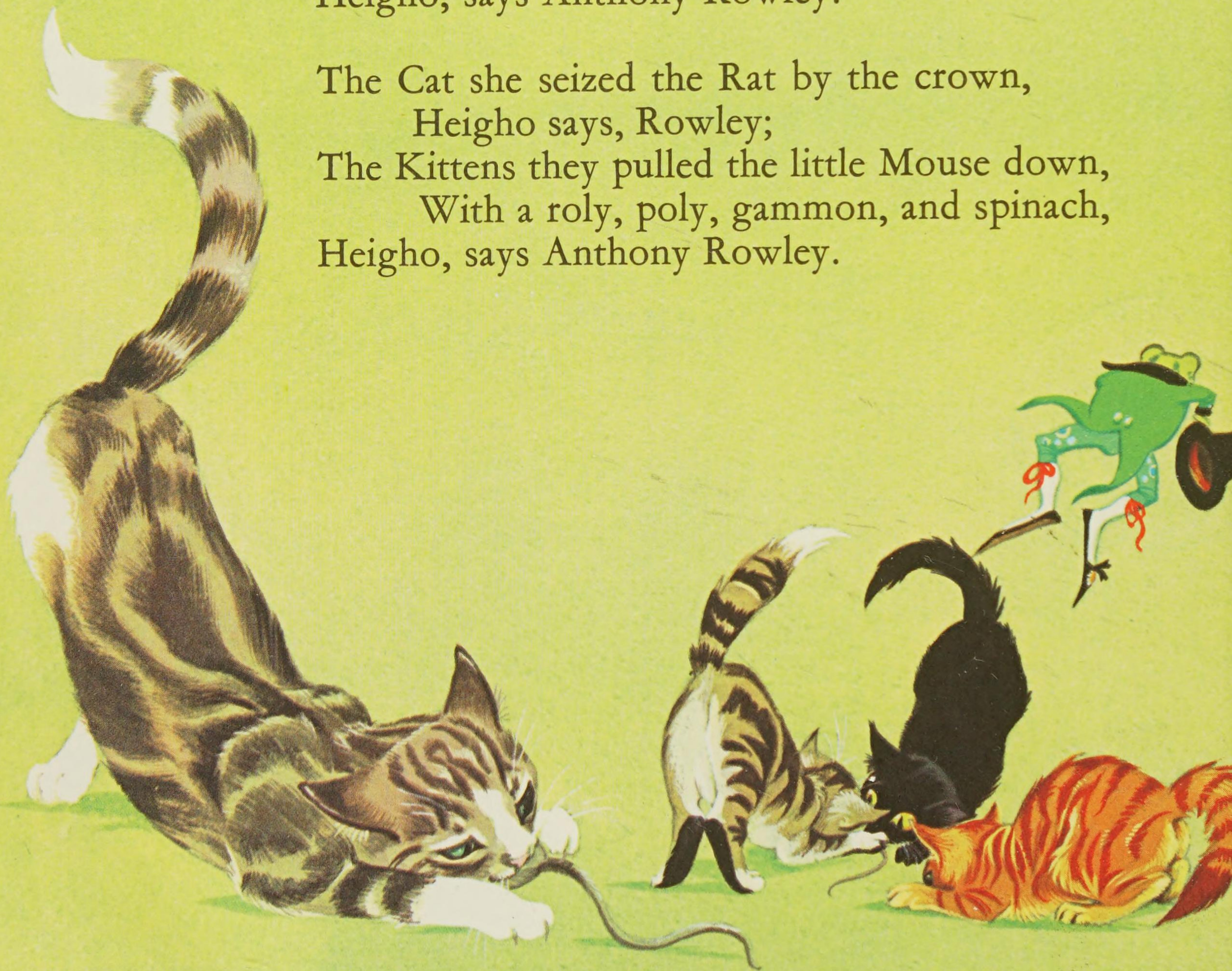




“Since you’ve caught cold, Mr. Frog,” Mousey said,  
Heigho, says Rowley;  
“I’ll sing you a song that I have just made,”  
With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,  
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

But while they were all a-merrymaking,  
Heigho, says Rowley;  
A Cat and her Kittens came tumbling in,  
With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,  
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

The Cat she seized the Rat by the crown,  
Heigho says, Rowley;  
The Kittens they pulled the little Mouse down,  
With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,  
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

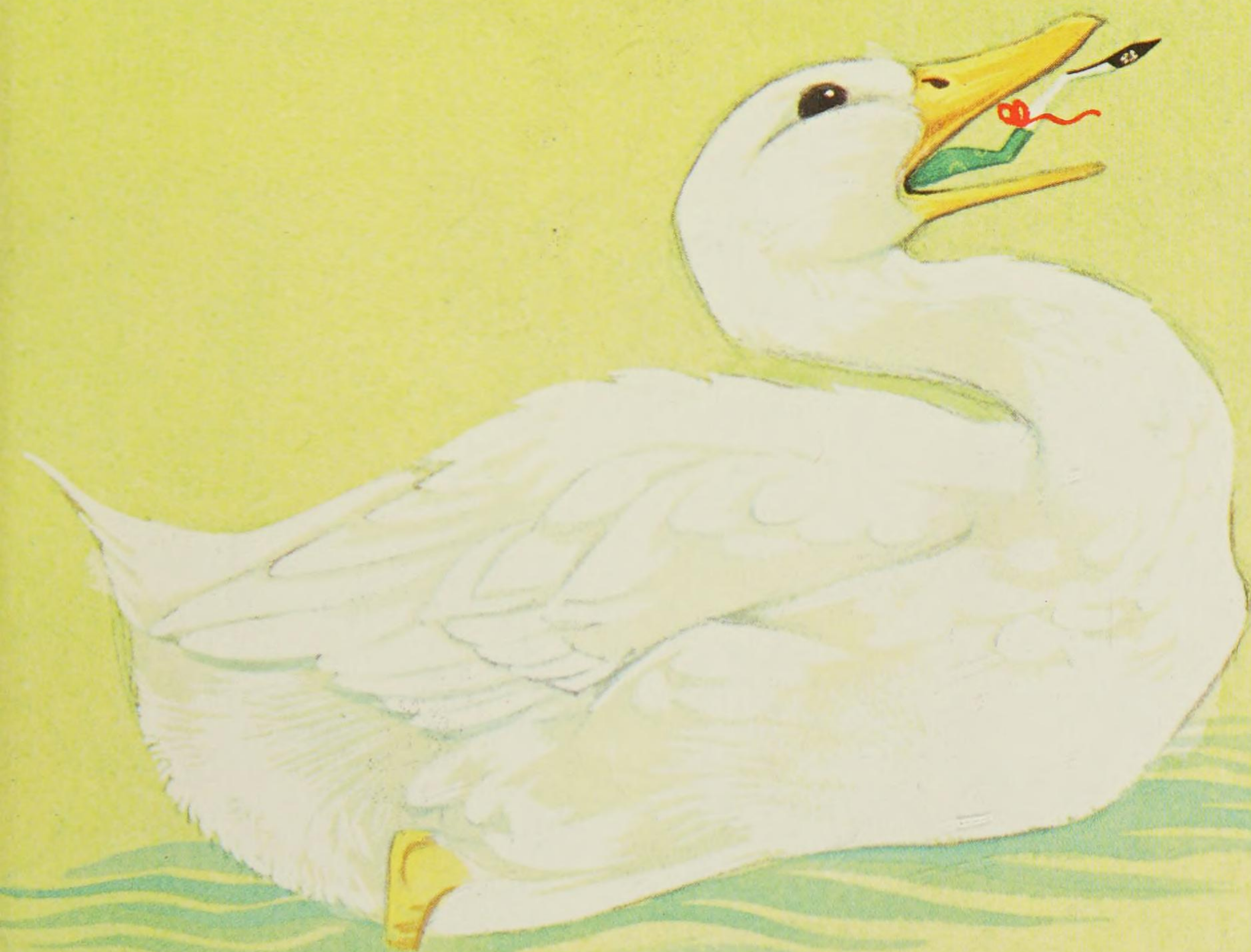




This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,  
Heigho, says Rowley;  
He took up his hat and he wished them good night,  
With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,  
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

As Froggy was crossing a silvery brook,  
Heigho, says Rowley;  
A lily-white Duck came and gobbled him up,  
With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,  
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

So here is an end of one, two, and three—  
Heigho, says Rowley;  
The Rat, the Mouse, and the little Froggy,  
With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,  
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.





THE gossips of the village—see,  
Their fine lace caps are wearing.  
They sip their dainty cups of tea,  
White sugar they are sharing.

Their fingers shine with golden rings,  
But—duty never matters!  
Nothing is ready for the men  
And under—they are tatters.






CHARLEY PARLEY stole  
the barley  
Out of the baker's shop.  
The baker came out, and gave  
him a clout,  
Which made poor Charley hop.





A man in a green cap, white shirt, brown vest, and light-colored trousers is shown from the side, climbing a wooden beam of a house under construction. He is holding a blue plank. The house has a red-tiled roof and a wooden frame. Inside the house, there are several large sacks of malt. A small white rat is visible near the malt. A black cat is perched on a wooden beam, looking down. A golden retriever is standing on the ground, looking up at the cat. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

THIS is the  
House that  
Jack built.

This is the Malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the Rat, that ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the Cat that killed  
the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house  
that Jack built.

This is the Dog that worried  
the cat,  
That killed the rat, that  
ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the Cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat,  
That killed the rat, that ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the Maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat,  
That killed the rat, that ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the Man all tattered and torn,  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat,  
That killed the rat, that ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the Priest all shaven and shorn,  
That married the man all tattered and torn,  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat,  
That killed the rat, that ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.





This is the Cock that crowed in the morn,  
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,  
That married the man all tattered and torn,  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat,  
That killed the rat, that ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the Farmer who sowed the corn,  
That kept the cock that crowed in  
the morn,  
That waked the priest all shaven and  
shorn,  
That married the man all tattered and  
torn,  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the crumpled  
horn,  
That tossed the dog, that worried the  
cat,  
That killed the rat, that ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.



A PILLOW shaken in the sky,  
See how all the feathers fly,  
Little snowflakes soft and light  
Make the trees and meadows white.



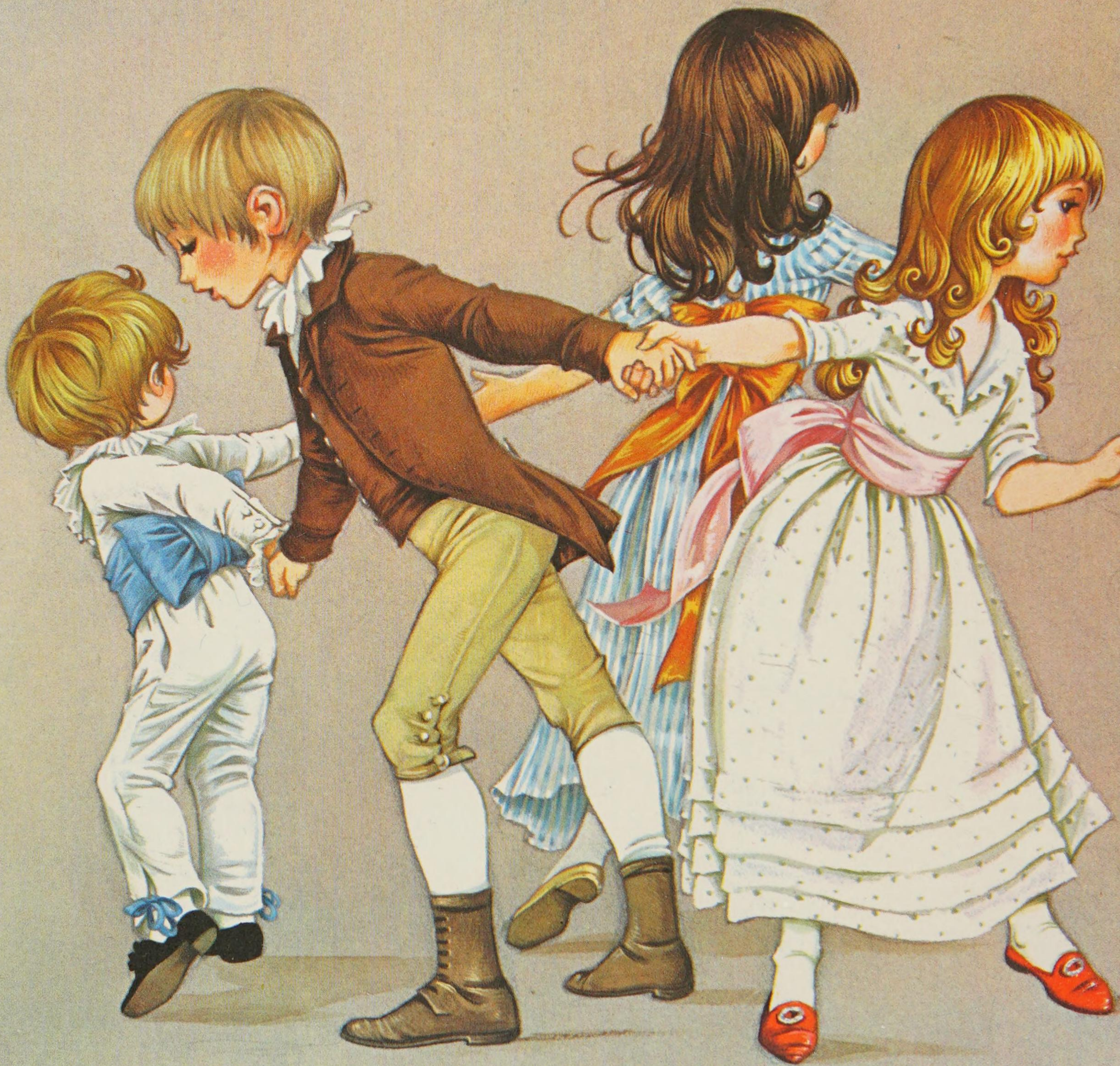




SWING high, swing low, away we go,  
Up to the trees where the breezes blow,  
Where the birdies nest and play all day,  
And all the world is bright and gay.

Swing high, swing low, away we go,  
High up where the leaves do grow.  
All the little birds are singing,  
As we gaily go a-swinging.













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